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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From "Porter's Spirit of the Times."

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

BY CHARLES J. FOSTER.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER IV.

"Double or quit."

After a sleepless night, Tom Thornton rose early in the morning and went to the stable of his racer, and while here pondering upon his double defeat at Baytown, and in the matter of his aspirations for the hand of the belle, he formed a resolution. He met his worthy father, for the first time since the race, at the breakfast table. The yeoman was dull and thoughtful; he did not attack the fat chine with his wonted zest, and the *County Chronicle* lay unopened before him. Even though he was then pondering upon the price of fat cattle, and wheat, and barley, and calculating how much of each it would take to raise a thousand pounds, he neglected to pursue the faithful market report of that excellent journal. The meal over, he rose and took his way to the straw-yard, whither his son followed him.

"Father," said he, as the farmer called to a boy to saddle his nag, "how much did you lose?"

"A good deal, Tom. Never mind how much, I can pay it all."

"Was it a thousand, father?"

"Near about—a few pounds more or less. I can raise the money tolerably easy. With what is in the bank, the price of a load or two of wheat, and that of the fat oxen and wethers, which must go to the butchers, I s'all meet all my bets."

It was unfortunate," said Tom.

"It was, but it can't be helped. If it was yet to come off, I'd back him the same over again."

"Well, then, do back him over again," said his son, eagerly. "If he had won at Baytown, he was to have run for the Harkaway Stakes, here at our own races. Let us enter him for that race. You owe no rent to the Squire, and you own the two long meadows. Sell them, and bet the money on Strideaway. That's the way to get even, and more too."

Old Thornton had himself thought of some such move as this, and had the greatest inclination to be at something of the sort; but he had held back from proposing to risk more on his son's account. When he heard the proposition of the latter, he surveyed him with undisguised pleasure and admiration, crying—

"You are a boy after my own heart, Tom—my son all over. A true Thornton, by heaven! It's a deuced pity to sell the meadows, though—they are as much yours as mine, you know. They are tied up, Tom; entailed, you know, from father to son forever. They have been in the family, Lord knows how long. Your grandfather, I doubt, wouldn't have sold 'em even for this object."

"His son didn't own Strideaway, father," said Tom.

"That's true, Tom; and the horse has a right to another shy. It wouldn't be using him fair, to give in without another shy, at the first defeat, and he shall have it. But perhaps we can mortgage the two meadows for enough. It ain't good to let them go out of the family, if it can be helped any other way. I think we'll go up and see the Squire upon this business, my boy; if he has got the money, he will lend it to me, I know; and if he ain't he knows some body that has. The meadows mustn't be sold, if it can be done any other way."

A wise pair, this. Old Thornton having lost all his surplus capital, was about to risk a great portion of the remainder; and his son Tom—"a true Thornton, by heaven"—having lost all hope of the belle, was about to prove that, in common prudence, she ought to have discarded him. Neither of them appeared to conceive the possibility of starting the horse for the sweepstakes, without also betting at least as much as they had lost on his previous race; and so they were about, if necessary, to sacrifice the long meadows, which had been in the family for centuries; purchased, perhaps, with the ransom of a Saracen princess, or other spoils of the crusades; for it is not believed that either Roger Hampton or Sergeant Tom Thornton added much to his family patrimony in the campaign they made for "Charley over the water."

When the farmer and his son arrived at the Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hampton were at breakfast. In a few minutes, they both entered the room into which the visitors had been shown by the footman.

"Well, Farmer Thornton," said the Squire, cordially, "we made a mistake; or, rather, suffered by an accident."

"A pure accident, I am certain," said the lady.

"If your losses are heavy, Mr. Thornton, and you require some temporary assistance, say the word. I will endeavor to assist you to meet them," said the Squire.

"Tain't that, Squire Hampton; I can pay all I've lost; but we don't want to give in, when the horse wasn't beat upon his merits. We propose, sir, to enter Strideaway for the Harkaway Stakes, and as the payment of the late losses will about strip the farm of the fat stock, and so forth, says Tom, says he, 'sell the two long meadows, father, and bet the money upon Strideaway.' And upon that, we should like to have your opinion."

Mr. Hampton pondered. "Good horses start for the Harkaway," said he—"horses of mature age and powers—but Strideaway is a good horse, too; a famous horse. Still, it might not be prudent for you to bet so much upon him. Your son will want a farm stocked, you know, when he marries the miller's daughter."

"The match is off, sir, he says, if there ever was anything in it."

"There is no possibility of such a marriage, sir," said the young man.

Mrs. Hampton rose, and beckoning Tom to follow her, led the way to a sofa, at the other end of the room.

"What's this I hear?" said she. "You have had some silly quarrel with Miss Henley. Is it not so? Miss Henley is a favorite of mine, and I wish to know."

"We have had no quarrel, madam," he replied. "She never loved me, and now she likes another man."

"What other?"

"The soldier Dobson."

"Are you certain of this?" said she, surprised.

"I told her I knew it; she did not deny it. She had told her father that he should forbid me to come to their house."

"I cannot understand this. I do not believe that she receives Mr. Dobson's attentions with any favor. Courage, Tom Thornton, she will be yours yet!"

"Never, madam," said he, positively. "Her father wouldn't hear of it, even were Dobson out of the way. And what is more, I feel that I have been mistaken, if not deceived. She never had any affection for me."

"I am truly sorry that it is so," said she, and rising, returned to her husband's side.

After considering and discussing the farmer's project, the Squire suggested that Dr. Ryder should be invited to aid them with his opinion, and the three set out for the rectory.

When his visitors were announced, Dr. Ryder received them in his library—a well appointed and well furnished room, fitted up with book cases, and decorated with pictures and prints. The fathers of the Church reposed upon the shelves; the fathers of the Turf were upon the walls; for there hung the portraits of Eclipse, Flying Childers, Old Harkaway, and the King of Trumps.

"We have called upon you for advice, Dr. Ryder," said the Squire. "As your parishioners, I believe we are entitled to it."

"I'm at your service," said the Rector, with a smile.

"Tom wants to start Strideaway for the Harkaway Stakes, and Thornton expects to win his money back by backing him," said the Squire, in a few words, knowing that Dr. Ryder would grasp the gist of the matter in hand all the better if there was no wordy explanation. The doctor leaned forward on the table, and considered for a very short time. "Is he right again, Tom?" said he.

"He is all himself, sir."

"None of those symptoms remaining?"

"Not a trace of them, sir."

"That horse was—" He looked at old Thornton, and suddenly paused.

"What, Dr. Ryder?" said the farmer.

"Indisposed, sir, he was indisposed when he ran, or he would have won, in my judgment."

"What about starting him for the Harkaway Stakes?" said the Squire.

"For the Harkaway stakes, which is the crack sweepstakes of these midland counties, as I conceive—the entries are always good; but if Strideaway comes to the starting post as well as I have seen him, I see no reason why he should not win. Still, we shall have to risk the uncertain disposition of the chances. If I betted on the race, I would take care to have something on Strideaway, should he be entered. The horse is a good horse, gentlemen—fast and lasting—and as true as steel, when in racing condition. What wonder—look at his dam and sire!"

"Certainly," said Tom, "by Thunderbolt out of Marigold—the old Hampton breed, sir, and the devil a better ever was seen in England."

"Thornton," said Dr. Ryder, "in reference to betting, if the horse is entered, as I foresee he will be, do not go about talking of it—keep it quiet at present."

"He must be entered within fourteen days, and every body will know it then," said Tom.

"Soon enough for them too," said the Squire. "But as to betting, Mr. Thornton, do it discreetly. Take the advice of some competent person from time to time. At one time, it may be well to take the odds against your own horse; at another, to lay the odds against some one else's. Bet to win money, sir; and to do this, avail yourself of the judgment of others as well as your own. I will advance the money you require upon the property."

"And any service I can be of to Mr. Thornton, in any way, will give me pleasure," said the Rector.

"Gentlemen, your servant!" said the farmer. "We may then consider it settled that Strideaway is to be entered. Good day; I feel the obligation, and and so does Tom, I know. Good day."

With this the burly farmer departed, leaving his son, who was detained some time longer, listening to the views of Dr. Ryder, upon the management of Strideaway for the race, and the histories he gave of the horses that would be likely to be, or were already, entered for the contest. The knowledge of the subject possessed by the Rector of the running horses of that part of the kingdom was thorough and complete. He knew their ages, their pedigrees, and performances, who owned them, their trainers, and estimated their capacities all by the standard of Strideaway.

Old Thornton had hurried away, for the most part, because he was eager to inform John Henley and the fat trainer of what had been resolved on. Though he had been desired to say nothing about it, he knew that it must be communicated to Mr. Jolly, and he determined to be the first to do it. He found them, as he had anticipated, in the tap of the Hampton Arms.

"Foller me, you two," said he, highly elated. "Here's a little game afoot. Foller me into the bar parlor."

When the three were installed round the table, each with his glass before him, Mr. Thornton said, "What do you think our Tom's a going to do?"

"Marry my niece?" said John Henley.

"Punch Dobson's head, mayhap," said the trainer, who entertained a feeling of intense disgust and contempt for the Ensign, having been contradicted by him, the night before, as to the cause of Strideaway's losing.

"He's agoing," said old Thornton, laying a hand upon the sleeve of each, "to enter Strideaway for the Harkaway Stakes."

"Good. I'll back him!" cried Mr. Henley.

"Hold!" said Mr. Jolly. "Don't run on the wrong side of the post! Let me speak. This ain't all as it should be," he continued, with a serious and displeased air. "Tom should have had the best advice before deciding on this. He ought to have asked me. I ought to have been consulted. The boy is a boy of good judgment, but old heads is wanted where hosses are concerned. No interruption," said he, as Thornton was about to interpose. "I don't say it ain't right for the hoss to run—it is right; but I had ought to have been consulted. Tom should have had advice."

"He has had."

"Yourn!" said the trainer, with some contempt.

"No, sir, not mine. The Squire's and the Parson's."

"Now, this won't do, you know," said the trainer, as if expostulating. "The Squire and the Parson be enough; I say nothing agen 'em. Sensible men, in a general way, and tolerable judges of a hoss. It's well enough for them to give an opinion, but before anything about a race hoss is decided, somebody else ought to be asked. If the Squire felt himself competent to manage his own race hosses, what does he pay me for, I should like to know. If he can't manage his own, how is he going to manage Tom Thornton's?"

"Nothing shall be done without you say right," said Old Thornton.

"No, no, Jolly must be consulted about everything, especially as to the training," said Mr. Henley.

"Gentlemen," said the trainer, "I interfere for the hoss's sake, and that of his owner and backers. Recollect what I said at Baytown; 'that hoss ain't fit to start,' says I, 'cause why? somebody's done something without asking me.' Well, then, when he's a being trained, let Tom do nothing without asking me. If the Squire and the Parson give opinions about this and that, let me be asked before they are followed. Recollect this, Tom's the owner of the hoss, the Squire and the Parson be the friends of the hoss, you two and all of us be the backers of the hoss, but *I* be the trainer of the hoss. Training's the thing. A race hoss should be at the post in good condition, or not at all. To do it, you want an old head—an old head, and long experience."

"Here's another thing!" said Mr. Thornton, "Tom and your niece have fell out."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Henley.

"I ain't," said the trainer, with a nod of profound meaning.

"And why not?" said Mr. Henley. "They were made for each other, sir. As fine a lad and lass as are to be found in the whole hundred."

"I know it; a very pretty pair; and well matched to run in harness together. But here's the thing! Do you suppose, sir, that any young man can look after a running hoss in training, and a gall like your niece, Miss Charlotte, as well? In can't be done, sir; and I doubt this last race was lost along of Tom's having both of 'em in hand at once."

It took an old head like Mr. Jolly's to make this notable discovery, which appeared to strike the others as superior wisdom.

"I never thought of that," said Henley.

"Ain't it true?"

"True as gospel. It's a blessed thing they have quarrelled," said old Thornton.

"Don't you go and tell 'em so, or they'll make it up agen. In these matters young folks go by contradiction."

CHAPTER V.

"She never told her love."

The miller sat in his roomy chair, smoking his pipe and drinking his strong ale, and turning from time to time a look of inquiry and perplexity towards his daughter and her guests, Mrs. Dobson, Miss Dobson, and Mr. Dobson, the ensign. The facility with which Mrs. Dobson and her children had discarded all their objections to vulgar tastes and manners was beautiful to see. They sat and snuffed up the fragrant fumes of the miller's pipe, as if they were incense in their nostrils; they listened to the miller's decidedly homely, and sometimes rather vulgar, observations, as though they were the words of superior wisdom or brilliant wit. Elegance and refinement were down upon their knees at the shrine of gold; and, as usual, the golden *calf* was gently bellowing his satisfaction and content at interested and thoroughly hypocritical worship. It was the metal, not the animal the devotees adored.

After much deference had been paid to the miller, and a great deal of conversation upon various topics had been addressed to him without striking his vein, the Ensign remarked that Tom Thornton was about to enter his horse for the Harkaway Stakes.

"What do 'e say," bawled the miller.

"Thornton's horse is to run for the Harkaway Stakes, sir, and he is sure to lose."

"Is he though! Then I might win my money back, neighbor!" cried the miller briskly.

"It is a positive certainty, sir; there cannot be a doubt about it. I know he will lose."

"My son is extremely well informed on such matters, sir," observed Mrs. Dobson.

"So he says, ma'am! so he says! And no fool in other things, I take it. I was thinking of saying a few words to him and you, ma'am, and I may as well do it now. Gals, go into the garden and look at the flowers, till I sing out for 'e to come back."

Rather surprised at this singular address, the young ladies retired; whereupon the miller drew his chair up in front of that occupied by Mrs. Dobson, placed his hands upon his knees, and looking her full in the face, said, "Mrs. Dobson, I be a plain-spoken man."

Had the excellent lady been a widow, she would have looked for a proposal for her hand; as she was not, she anticipated an offer for her son's.

"Ma'am!" said the miller, with shocking slowness and distinctness; "you and I be old. You have got a son, and I have got a da'arter, both growed up. Your son acts as if he had a hankering after my da'arter; I have one objection to that."

"What is that, sir," said the lady.

"He's a soger, and I don't like sogers. They make the taxes high, and be no good at all!"

"The military renown of the country must be maintained, sir," said Dobson proudly.

"Military fiddlestick!" said the miller. "Who wants to maintain a lot of lazy sogers? We don't want sogers here, and so I tell 'e. If you want to be a soger, why don't 'e go to Cawbull and fight the Affghans? What do 'e stop here for; breaking folk's fences, and treading their barley and clover down?"

This was the last eruption of a fierce volcanic indignation, which had raged and swelled in the breast of the miller at intervals since that day week, when the Ensign had made his way through two quickset hedges, and tramped over a field of barley and one of clover.

"His regiment is at present at Nottingham, sir—he will join it there shortly," said Mrs. Dobson.

"Well, then, if he's to be a soger still, it's no use for him to think of Charlotte, because I won't let him have her."

"If my son was to marry, he would retire from the army."

"Yes, sir, in that case I should do so," said Dobson.

"And what business would you take to?" said the practical miller. "What do 'e think of the maltstering business? I could larn 'e how to buy barley."

The Ensign was about to decline peremptorily any business whatever, except that of an independent gentleman, but a warning look from his mother stopped him. The miller descanted upon the business of making malt and money for some time; and then, after saying that he would give his daughter ten thousand pounds as a marriage portion, if she married to please him, he put the point blank question, how much would Mr. Dobson give his son to set him up in life? Mrs. Dobson had always talked to the miller of her husband's possessions, in a very magnificent, though somewhat vague and misty way, and she now evaded the question. She was much mistaken though, if she conceived that anything but the most tangible and conclusive proofs of the wealth of Mr. Dobson would satisfy Mr. Philip Henley; or that he would neglect to exact these proofs before the signing and sealing of the marriage articles. Nothing more was said on that occasion, nor was the matter mentioned to Miss Henley, though Miss Dobson threw out sundry hints, and lavished upon her a great many sisterly caresses. The news, however, flew far and near upon the lips of all the gossips in the country side; and the staple of the tea parties and after church conversations was the brilliant match about to be concluded between young Mr. Dobson, of London, and the rich miller's daughter.

Weeks passed on, and Tom Thornton took no notice of the reported wedding. Perhaps, as the fat trainer had declared, a race-horse was quite enough to occupy the thoughts and attention of any one man. For any sign he gave, there might have been no such person as the Belle of Woodburne then in existence in that delightful hamlet. The young lady, too, to all outward appearance, had thoroughly ignored the existence of the "owner and trainer of the thoroughbred racer." Yet Mr. Tom Thornton smoked furiously in the porch nearly every night, and his hearing was marvellously acute whenever the miller's gate slammed about the hour of ten; and Miss Henley was silent, and perhaps displeased, whenever Dobson pronounced up on the desperate chances of the forlorn Strideaway. The merry month of June was past and gone, the July sun had tinged with brown the waving wheat fields, the soaring lark rose from his dewy bed and towered aloft, to mark the firstling of the morning gray, and greet the golden beams of opening day; then rose the miller's daughter most beautiful and fair! She put on a light morning robe and slippers, threw up her window, drew aside a little corner of the muslin curtain, and peeped timidly out. What brought her there, at the first tinge of day, the twilight of the morn? Was it the mellow landscape stretching away through the fair Vale of Woodbourne, soon to be painted in all its loveliest lights and fleeting shades by Nature's master hand? Was it the blossoms in her own fair garden, brilliant with dew and loaded with perfume? Was it the fragrance of the clover hay? Or the rich scent of the blossoming beanfields? None of them! none! Was it the large flat meadow—Old Thornton's dairy-ground—where the late cowslip bowed to her mother earth on slender stem? Forty cows and the pied bull still lay upon the dark herbage, dotting the green with various colors—was it to see the short-horns, up rose the early belle? Certainly not; for soon there came along two men with a horse—Tom Thornton, Joe the groom, and the high-mettled racer. And then the young farmer mounted, took him a rattling gallop round the dairy ground, and then turned homeward under the hawthorn hedge; whereat the belle let fall a tear or two, and turned again to bed.

Woodbourne races drew nigh, the last week in September, and the village was in high excitement. Squire Hampton and the Rector were often in council with Mr. Jolly, who was, if possible, more absolute and dogmatical than ever. Nothing had been done without asking him, and Strideaway was in capital condition. The betting was ten to one was against him, but the confidence of the Woodbourne people had returned, and the money of the town was staked upon him. Dobson alone declared to the miller that the horse could not by any possibility win, and the fat trainer listened with an air of contemptuous pity. Tom Thornton was a great man again; "owner and trainer of the thoroughbred racer," his name was in everybody's mouth. The boys at the boarding school demanded a half holiday to go and see the racer, and the worthy master marched proudly at their head to the farm. After examining the horse, they were regaled with syllabub, while Mr. Syntax took his toddy with the farmer and the fat trainer. Before leaving, the worthy master made a neat speech to his scholars, in which he told them that the great nations had upheld manly amusements, and that the races which had longest preserved their liberty, the Arabs of the Desert and Tartars, were noted for their attachment to the horse. He concluded by observing, with much complacency, that Tom Thornton had been his pupil, and that he himself, in his youth, had seen the great Eclipse run and win. Whereupon Mr. Jolly took Old Thornton aside, and assured him that Mr. Syntax was an eloquent, learned, and sensible man. The day approached, and the anxiety and excitement in Woodbourne drew to a head. The beadle and the parish clerk disputed of races in the belfry, and forgot to wind up the church clock. The village baker harangued his two apprentices about Strideaway, while Mrs. Dobson's pastry for a grand party burnt to a cinder. The weather was dry, and a hard course was thought to be unfavorable to Strideaway on the Sunday, two days before the races, Dr. Ryder introduced the prayer for rain in the morning service, and read it with a fervor he had not been thought to possess. Had he concluded it, not according to the Liturgy, but by saying, "Grant us a fair race and no favor, and let the best horse win," there would have been a loud "Amen" from the congregation.

CHAPTER VI.

"There came from Newmarket a rat-tailed crack,
To run with Tom Thornton's spanking black."
"Somebody bet on the black!"

The beauty and fashion of four counties were assembled on Woodbourne Heath. The ladies were fifty in a row, and twenty deep, in the grand stand, besides hundreds in carriages. Multitudes of people on foot stood before the long lines of mounted men. Vast was the gathering of "gentlemen and sportsmen;" and great was the clamor of the tawny gipsy women, crying, "correct lists of all the running horses, with the weights, names, and colors of the riders!"

Amid all the noise, fun, hilarity, and confusion, Mr. Jolly maintained a severe and despotic deportment. This was the day "big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome." This was no time for *them* to make suggestions, as he assured Old Thornton and John Henley; adding to Tom, that it would be a blessed and most propitious thing, "if somebody would take them two away to drink, and put laudanum in their brandy." He answered Dr. Ryder's curt inquiries at the saddling place in a hoarse, apoplectic whisper, and positively forbade a conversation between the Squire and the jockey. "No interference! I have telled Jim what to do; if he wants any further instructions, he'll ask me."

"It's between him and the Newmarket hoss," said he as a last word to the jockey, when mounted, before he let go the bridle. "Nary nother's got a ghost of a chance. Make the running, Jim; let him go like a bullet from the start, and he'll cut down the gray."

As the Woodbourne horse came on, taking his breathing gallop, somewhat later than the others, a murmur rose, and swelled into a shout, at his long and easy stride.

"That horse is an ugly customer!" said the owner of the Newmarket gray, the Grinder. "He goes with a swinging stride."

"He goes like his mother, old Marigold, and, by dad, she was a rasper!" said Mr. Hampton.

Just that day week the odds had been ten to one against Strideaway; now he was right on the heels of the favorite.

"Who'll bet the odds upon the Newmarket horse! Who'll lay seven to four on the field against the Woodbourne horse! said the Squire. "Who'll bet five to four upon the Grinder against Strideaway? What d'ye say, Colonel, they are at the post?"

"Won't do, Hampton! they're off. Even's the word—even on the gray!"

"Done, then! Five hundred even on the bay!"

The bell rang fast and loud, and the ladies in the stand, after stretching forward and catching sight of the horses' heads, leaned backward in their seats, with an air of ease and delicious expectation. They had scarcely done so, when the fifteen horses came whirling by in a cluster, Strideaway leading half a length and pulling hard upon the bridle. "By heavens, it is a glorious sight to see!" Fifteen swift racers, rushing past, spurning the sod, and making the ground reverberate to the thunder of their hoofs! The brilliant colors of the silken caps and jackets just flash before your eyes, and then the bright plates on the horses' heels twinkle in the sunshine, as they go like the wind, and leave you far behind. Talk about pace! talk about beauty! talk about nature! You who go into raptures over statues and opera dancers, go once and see the "texting high-bred cattle" at their topmost speed; then tell us of the poetry of motion."

Half way round Strideaway led four lengths, and the pace was great. "It's all his own, my boy," said Dr. Ryder to Tom; "they can never catch him. Jim makes all the play, and keeps him together too; he rides him beautifully."

Tom Thornton's heart beat to every stride of his gallant horse, and he had no eyes, no ears, no tongue for anything, until the race was ended, and Strideaway had run in an easy winner by three lengths.

After a mighty shout, as he passed the judges' stand, there was a great rush towards the horse, as he was led back to the weighing house. The ladies rose in a body in the grand stand, to get another look at the winner; and the smiles and congratulatory nods of many a fair, from chariot and barouche, saluted Tom Thornton, as he walked by his side. Mrs. Hampton made marked demonstrations of delight, and the Squire elbowed his way to Tom Thornton's side. Mr. Jolly, who was leading the horse by the bridle, passed with an air of magisterial superiority. "You done the trick, Jim!" said he, when he first saluted the jockey, after which he seemed to consider it beneath him to notice anything. His answer to various expression, of admiration and noisy congratulation which surrounded him, was an air which seemed to say, "this is all very well, you know, but it's no part of the races, gentlemen. We merely tolerate this sort of thing, because we can't have races without it. If I had my way, nobody but the trainers and riders should be allowed to come within forty yards of the running horses."

It was night, and all went "merry as a marriage bell" at the race ball at the Woodbourne Arms. Dobson was not there, having been taken suddenly unwell on the race course. The ball went bravely on without him, and in his absence his mother and sister made a very good figure, and well represented the family. The belle was there, more beautiful than ever before. Her cheek was flushed, her eye brilliant, and her lips were firmly closed—her manner was somewhat hurried and excited.

The Squire opened the ball with Lady Martingale, and Tom Thornton danced with Mrs. Hampton. He bowed formally to Miss Henley, who returned his salute with apparent composure. She danced in every set, and never had appeared more wrapt in the enjoyment of the hour. So it was till supper, when, glass in hand, and with an animated preface, Mr. Hampton proposed "the health of Tom Thornton, and success to the high-mettled racer. Before the tumultuous applause had ceased, Miss Henley had left the room. Hurrying to her aunt's parlor, she threw herself upon the sofa, and began to weep. It was so her uncle found her, when he sought her, with a particular request from old Sir Jasper Jottrel and Colonel Harkaway, that she would favor them by joining Tom Thornton in singing "The Death of Tom Moody."

"Charlotte," said he, "what's the matter, my dear? Is it because the Ensign ain't here?"

She shook her head and sobbed,

"Uncle," said she, "pray don't mention this. I am so unhappy, all because I misled Tom Thornton."

"He says you did, but he bears you no malice. Says he to me, 'If it had been, as I once thought, and Miss Henley had loved me, I should have been this night the happiest man in all England.'"

"Uncle, dear uncle, I did love him, and did not know it," she cried.

"Well, then, I'll just go and tell him so, and we'll settle everything in two minutes."

She caught his arm, and extorted a promise that he would say nothing to him about it. However, he immediately sought Mrs Hampton, and told her all about the matter, like a sensible man.

"Mr. Thornton," said Mrs. Hampton, as she led the way to the parlor, "you have won a wife, as well as a race, to-day—Charlotte Henley has always loved you."

"Don't joke with me on that subject, ma'am; I cannot stand it," said Tom.

"See!" said she, gently opening the parlor door.

"Charlotte! dear Charlotte! forgive me!" said he, rushing to her side.

"Oh, Tom! I—you—. It was my fault, I believe. I am sure it was."

"It was mine, all mine."

Mrs. Hampton returned to the ball-room, considering how old Henley's consent was to be obtained to this match of her re-making, and wondering how the match with Ensign Dobson was to be broken off. Just as she entered the ball room, she discovered the burly miller stalking suddenly along by the dancers, as if seeking some one. Our worthy friend, the plain spoken man, had been a heavy loser upon the race; he had been drinking deeply, and he was as savage as a baited bull—in short, very delightful company for a ball room or a small tea party. The miller was looking for Mr. Dobson. He had reposed implicit confidence in that gentleman's predictions about Strideaway's race, and having lost all his bets in consequence, his feelings towards the prophet were not wholly amiable. He would have ground his bones to the finest flour with a great deal of pleasure. As the miller passed along, he heard Mrs. Dobson in conversation with another lady, and with thunder on his brow, he paused before them unseen, for they were wholly occupied.

"I am surprised at Mr. Hampton proposing the health of a—a—young Thornton," said Mrs. Dobson. "Indeed, the horse ought not to have won; he did not win fairly; my son says so, and he knows."

"Your son is a cussed fool, ma'am, and so I tell 'e candid!" roared the miller, in a voice of stentorian power.

"Mr. Henley, what language is this to apply to a young man who is about to marry your daughter?" said Mrs. Hampton.

"He marry my da'ater, madam! I'll be the death of the villain, if I ketch him inside of my gate arter her. The scoundrel shall pay me back what I have lost on this race. This infernal rogue, ladies," continued the miller, looking around at the ball-room belles, who listened with a good deal of astonishment and some amusement, "got the key of Tom Thornton's stable at Baytown, and—"

Here Mr. Hampton interrupted him, and after a short conference, they left the room. The miller then proceeded to join the party of his brother, old Thornton, and Mr. Jolly, in the bar-parlor. Here he and Mr. Jolly soon quarrelled—the latter saying his losses served him right, and that he was glad to hear of them. The miller was black with rage.

"Not that I blame you for not being a judge of a race horse—there's very few that are—but you knowed what *my* opinion was, and that ought to have been enough for you. To go and take the word of a fellow like that, Dobson in preference to *mine* about a race!" said Mr. Jolly, in high disgust. "When you're agoing to bet again, get Tom Thornton's opinion; that's worth having. And to make all sure, ask *me*. Now, here's Tom's father and your brother have been guided by *me* in this matter; they ain't done nothing without my asking me. What's the consequence? They have won above five thousand pounds, over and above what they lost at Baytown."

After pondering over this for some time, the miller rose, nodded to the others, and went out. "Where's our Charlotte? Charlotte, where be 'e gal?" said he, at the parlor door.

"Miss Henley is here, sir," replied Tom Thornton, briskly.

"And how be you, Tom?" said the miller. "I have lost on your race, and I be sorry for that, and so I tell 'e, boy; but I be glad you have won."

Tom thanked him, and the miller continued, "Call in and see us, Tom; we shall be main glad to see 'e."

"I am going to walk home with Miss Henley, sir," said Tom.

"You be, be 'e! Well, if she don't want to ride, you may as well. Mind and shet the garden gate, Tom; and if you'd like to take anything, she's got the keys of the cupboard. I shall be gone to bed. Good night!"

Good night! and e'en again good morrow! man of money and master of the mill. No day but thus Tom Thornton hailed the burly miller. And now no more at daybreak wept the miller's daughter. What time again the tear drop sparkled in her dancing eye, like the bright dew that fringed Aurora's lids, the blackbird carolled in the blithe spring morn! Over the vales the gentle May breeze swept, kissing her sunny cheek and lily neck; and like the airy cloud that robed the heavens, floated the web that veiled the virgin bride. What mighty ale and old the miller drank on that auspicious day, and how he forthwith brewed, to keep the christening of his first grandchild; what stakes the racer after won; how Jolly ruled; what cups and racing plates of massy gold, fashioned in cunning mould, adorned the side-board of Tom Thornton's wife, it booteth not to tell; as now, upon her wedding day, her husband holds the needless rein, while she and her four bridesmaids pat the sleek sides of the "High Mettled Racer."

MORAL COURAGE.—Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage or independence of mind: "A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

RULES FOR GROWING OLD.—At the late commencement of Yale College, Rev. Daniel Waldo, as the oldest graduate present, (of the class of 1788,) thus closed a speech to the assembled Alumni:

"I am an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slow—masticate well. Go to your food, to rest, to your occupation, smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be always communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You young men who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talents the best, and at the same time *be honest*."

SUGAR FROM THE CHINESE CANE.—Dr. D. Lee, of the Southern Cultivator, has shown the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel a sample of one or two pounds of well granulated and well tasted sugar, made by him at the plantation of Mr. W. J. Eve, of Augusta, as the result of his first experiment with the juice of the Chinese Sugar Cane. This result is the more interesting from the fact, that scientific gentlemen in Boston have expressed the opinion, that this plant contains no cane sugar, but grape or fruit sugar only. Dr. Lee's knowledge of chemistry has enabled him to correct this error, and demonstrate that the Chinese cane is nearly as rich in chrystalizable sugar as that of the best cane grown in Louisiana.